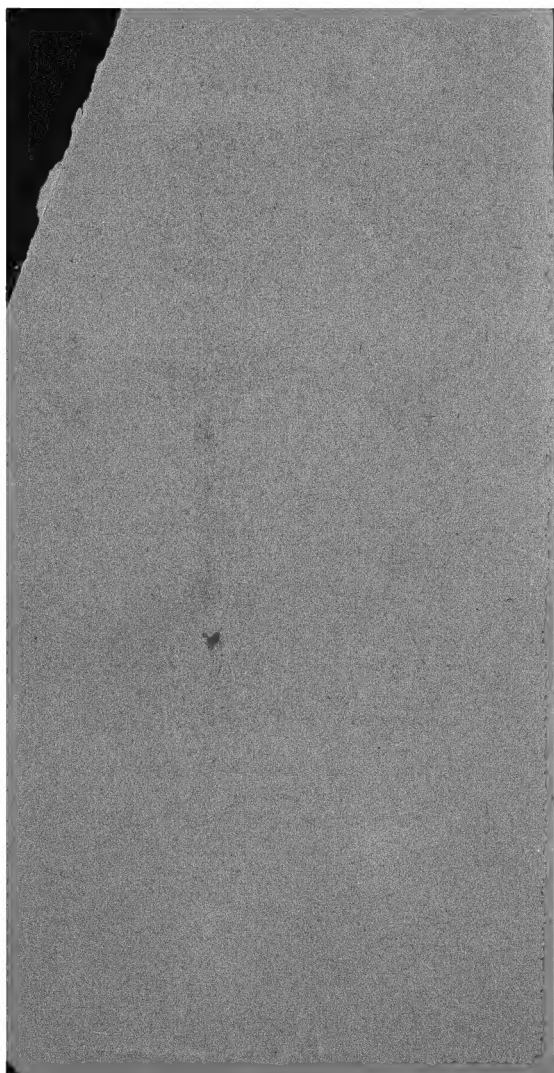


THE LIFE OF



A. J. MURPHY

MADE IN U.S.A.
TRADE MARK
COUNCIL
OF AMERICA



THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LIFE



Eating a Meal at Your Expense.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY THOUGH UNDER HEAVY MISFORTUNE.

Why should man be unhappy when blessed with use of his four members

I, as a young man, say that you do not realize what benefit they are until you are deprived of them; although should you lose your limbs, I can tell you how to be happy and satisfied with life.

To the readers of this little book I take great pleasure in telling how I came to lose my hands and feet.

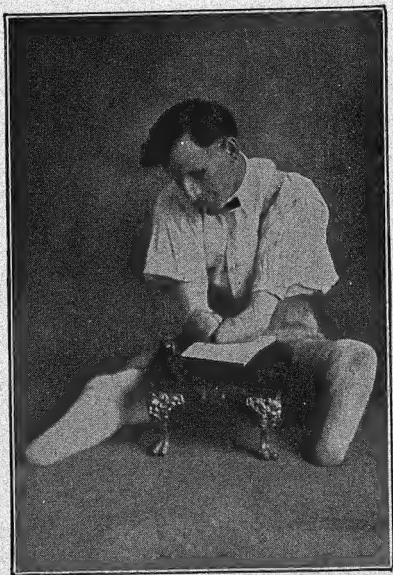
No doubt you have heard or read of the big blizzard January 12, winter of 1888, that swept over the Northern States, Nebraska, Dakota and Manitoba, when so many school children, teachers and settlers were frozen to death, causing many a family to mourn the loss of the little ones, who were victims of its terrible fury. I will refer you to two instances. No doubt you have heard or read of the bravery of Miss Freeman, a young lady school teacher near Omaha, Neb., who, when the storm came up, blowing the door of the schoolhouse open, by the assistance of the larger scholars closed and nailed it securely, as they supposed, but it proved futile, the wind finally tearing it from its hinges. The second attempt was unsuccessful.

At last, half of the roof was blown off, leaving them at the mercy of the storm. Miss Freeman had the presence of mind not to turn the children out to seek their homes by themselves. Had she done so, they surely would have been frozen to death. Instead, she sacrificed her own life for the sake of her little ones. Removing her own underskirts, she tore them in strips, tied the children together two by two, winding one strip around them, so they could not scatter. The oldest was placed in the lead, and she started them to the nearest house, a half mile distance. She brought up the rear, so that if any should fall she could pick them up. The little one's lives were all saved, but as for Miss Freeman, she lost her four limbs, the same as I did mine.

The second instance I refer to is just the reverse of Miss Freeman. A schoolmaster in Dakota, when the storm came up, said to the scholars: "You may all go home if you wish." Of course, the children, not knowing the danger, started home, but met

their death, while he, the cold-hearted wretch, stayed by a warm fire, burning the seats and flooring, keeping himself quite comfortable until after the storm, knowing he had sent the children to their death.

I was one of the unfortunate ones who was captured by the blizzard near Elk Horn, Manitoba, along the Canadian Pacific Rail-



Writing a Shorthand Letter to My Girl.

road, west of Branden, the storm starting in that locality about 4 p. m., the 11th day of January, and raging until the morning of the 13th. It overtook me going from Elk Horn to my brother's farm, compelling me to struggle against it thirty-six hours without either food or shelter. My experience

was one that I shall long remember, for death was staring me in the face all of the time. Traveling in the storm for the first twelve hours, I managed to save myself from freezing, wishing and hoping that the storm would clear off, but, instead, it kept raging on, until I became so weak from hunger and fatigue I could not travel or exercise myself sufficiently to keep my lower limbs from freezing.

At last, losing full control of them, I was compelled to crawl upon my elbows and knees to save my life, knowing and realizing that after I was unable to walk, by lying quiet in the snow I would fall fast asleep, which meant certain death. By crawling in this manner I managed to keep up circulation enough not to allow myself to perish.

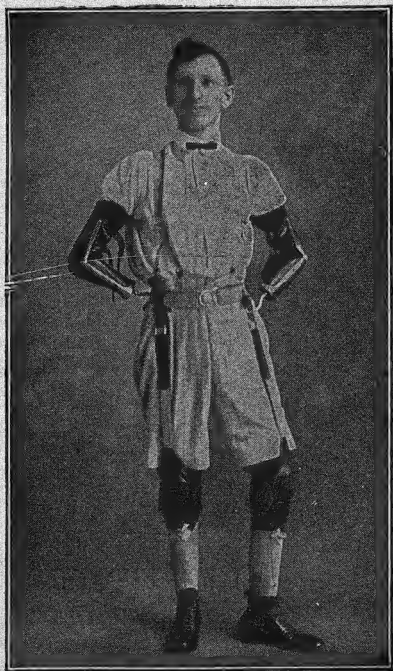
It was not so hard to crawl where there was a crust formed, but at times I would strike soft snow, which caused me to roll over and over, nearly smothering me, until I would strike a crust, when I was able to crawl again with God's help!!! At last, coming to a large drift of snow, and the storm clearing off, I saw, to my heart's joy, a house a short distance away. I did not know the house at sight, but to my surprise, it was my brother's. Crawling up to the door (I knew if I should lie in that condition, it would scare my brother.) I managed to raise myself to my frozen feet.

Leaning against the door, I knocked. My brother opened it, causing me to fall my full length on the floor, frightening him very much. Knowing that I must be frozen very badly, he kept me away from the fire, placing my lower limbs in a barrel of cold water and my arms in a vessel on each side, which removed the frost.

My lower limbs required several hours. During the time the frost was being taken out I went through untold torture.

A question asked me by a great many people is, "What are the symptoms of freeze-

ing?", a stinging sensation while piercing the skin; after that the part that is freezing seems the warmest part of the body; then a sleepy and drowsy feeling comes on, which causes the death of so many who are not aware that its significance is death.



Ready For Action.

If one has the will power or strength to overcome the sleepy feeling, there is a chance for him to recover.

Three days after the frost was taken out the doctor stated that it was impossible for

me to save my limbs.

I was then removed to the city hospital at Winnipeg, Manitoba, where Dr. O'Riley and Dr. Good, of that city, performed the amputation of my limbs, leaving me, a young man of 21 years of age, just in the prime of life, absolutely helpless, and, in the eyes of the public, a young man who would always need the assistance of kind hands through life; and for seven years their prophecy was right. I had to be cared for like a child. But the last few years I have fooled them. Now I am quite capable of waiting on myself.

My reason for placing myself on exhibition was, so many people asked me: "Young man, how do you do this or that?" For instance. "How do you feed yourself, and how do you put on your clothing?" and all sorts of questions. So I came to the conclusion that I was a novelty in the minds of the people.

They took so much interest in me I thought I could place myself on exhibition affording me a good occupation, as I am sure all will agree that I am not able to do any kind of manual labor; and by placing myself on exhibition, I give to those who desire to pay me a visit the opportunity to see something of interest to all, as I class my exhibition educative to young and old, simply showing you that though under heavy misfortune, a man can be both happy and satisfied in life, if he has manly courage enough to lay his misfortune aside.

While on exhibition I have seen many a young man who has met with misfortune, causing him to become down-hearted and discouraged in life, but by seeing me, a young man deprived of the use of my four members, happy and satisfied, they are cheered up. When they see a man in my condition happy, why can't they be? I spare no time in explaining to them the secret.

The last words in this little book are the secret of my success. I did not allow my

affliction to rule me in such a manner that it caused me to drink.

By keeping from drink and using patience, perseverance and will-power upon my own behalf, knowing that drink is the curse and downfall of most cripples, I avoided it.

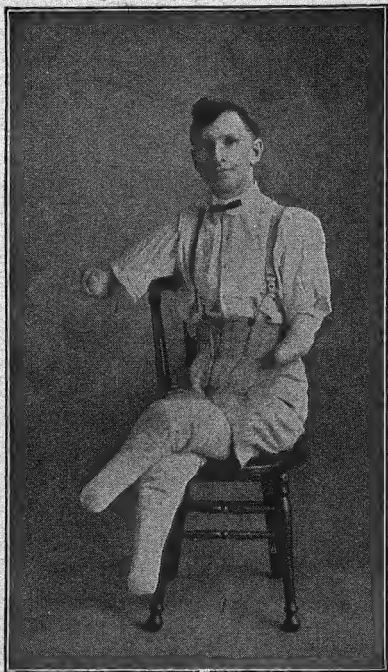


Dissected.

Four Quarters do not Make a Whole.

With a determination that it should not be my downfall, and by so doing I have brought myself today to be not a burden to others but a free man once more. I am now

happy to say that I am once more able to transact my own business by using the pen, feeding myself at a table without any assistance, and, best of all, dress myself and



walk the streets of our city without the aid of a cane or crutch without it being detected that my hands and feet are off.

Hoping that this little book will reach the home of those whom misfortune has fallen upon, I am,

Yours truly,

A. J. MURPHY,
Care The Billboard, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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